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BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS,

President and General Manager.

ALBERT McFALLAND,

Vice-President, Treasurer and Business Manager.

W. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure insertion in tomorrow's TIMES,

all new advertisements, save only small

classified advertisements ("Wants," etc.),

as well as all changes, must be handed in at

the counter before 8 o'clock this evening.

MICHAEL DAVITT sailed from Cork

yesterday for New York.

MAYOR WORKMAN has returned

from San Diego. He speaks highly of

that burg.

UNITED STATES SURVEYOR HAM-

MOND and Commissioner Austin are at

San Diego.

GREAT and increasing mortality is

reported among the laborers of the

Isthmus canal.

The raisin-makers of Orange and

vicinity are not pleased with this

lowery weather.

The Secretary of the Treasury pur-

chased 4 and 4 1/2 per cent. bonds yester-

day to the amount of \$3,674,700.

The City Council meets today. It is

to be hoped that the sewer matter will

receive its full share of attention.

The British-Indian authorities have

decided that no language save English

shall be used in the Indian schools.

The British steamer Romeo, bound

from New Orleans to London, grounded

and capsized yesterday near Villenier.

The Railroad Commission, now in

session at New York, overhauled the

famous Huntington-Colton letters yester-

day.

The San Francisco Bulletin says

that the recent wheat collapse has

developed no detrimental effect of gen-

eral business.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Florida

for the purpose of organizing a Fruit

Shippers' Union with a view to obtain-

ing better freight rates.

GEN. FRYOL, in his defense of the

Anarchists, will attack the constitu-

tionalist of the Illinois law regarding

the construction of juries.

The Chicago police have found an-

other big bomb. It was a gas-pipe

bomb provided with a clockwork at-

tachment for touching it off.

THERE is a prospect of more blood-

shed at Mitchelstown, Ireland. A

detachment of artillery, with hussars

and police, have arrived upon the

scene.

The situation in Ireland grows more

serious day by day. Magistrate Eaton,

of Mitchelstown, has issued a procla-

mation forbidding the holding of any

public meeting.

The Chicago Tribune sardonically

suggests that "the men who are col-

lecting money for the benefit of the

condemned Anarchists have forgotten,

as yet, to call on the widows and

orphans of the policemen who were

killed in the Haymarket massacre."

WASHOUTS are again reported on the

line of the Southern Pacific in Arizona.

The crops in the San Pedro Valley are

reported totally destroyed by the flood.

In many places a waste of sand swells

where twenty-four hours before great

streams of green crops glistened in

the sun.

At a Socialist meeting held in Cin-

cinnati a motion was made and carried

requesting the Executive Committee of

the Union Labor party to voice its sym-

pathy for the condemned Anarchists.

The Labor party committee voted by

ward upon the request and the vote re-

sulted in a refusal to comply.

The Board of Supervisors yesterday

awarded the contract for the brick,

stone and terra cotta work on the pro-

posed new court house to O. E. Brady,

of San Francisco. His bid was \$375,-

000. The plans are those of Curlett,

Ersen & Colburn. Brady was com-

pelled to give a bond of \$150,000.

A LIGHT engine and a construction

train loaded with workmen collided

on the Gulf division of the Southern

Kansas Railroad at Guthrie, Indian

Territory. Both the train and the en-

gine were running at a high rate of

speed. It is thought that many of the

construction hands were killed.

In the matter of the alleged at-

tempted bribery of Senator Oliver D.

POINTS OF THE MORNING'S NEWS.

California Grand Army men sold for

Cyclone in Texas.....McGillie heard

from.....Randall speaks in Illinois.....

The Restriction Act to be enforced

in Washington Territory.....Odd Fellows

parade at Denver.....News from Stanley

.....A Texas stage robbed.....The Govern-

ment buys more bonds.....Los Angeles

decided by Acting Secretary McGillicuddy

Gov. Waterman refuses to commute

Kernaghan's sentence.....The

San Luis Obispo tragedy still unexplained

.....The Rock Island Road wins in the

controversy over commissions.....National

Association of Union Prisoners of

War in session at Chicago.....Ex-Minister

Washburne's condition.....Bicycle records

broken at Lynn, Mass....."Gath" in San

Francisco.....Flood's health improving.....

San Francisco Chinamen to parade.....Fes-

tivities before the Pacific Railway Commis-

sion.....A letter from Indian Commissioner

Atkins.....Chicago police and a home-

sick.....Florida fugitives.....organiz-

ing.....Loss of a British ship.....

Cincinnati Labor Party refuses to support

Anarchists.....Games arranged between

winners of League and Association cham-

pionships.....Davitt sails for New York.....

Cigarmakers' Convention at Birmingham,

N. Y.....Yesterday's races.....Eskimim

band surrenders.....Rain in California.....

Gen. Banks reported short in his accounts as

Marshal of Boston.

East Los Angeles Wants More Police

Protection.

In another column will be found the

card of an East Los Angeles merchant

who, on the part of himself and many

other citizens of his locality, asks for

more police protection than they now

have.

It appears that East Los Angeles

has no regular police detail. A

mounted policeman arrives upon the

ground about 8:30 o'clock in the even-

ing, and to him is entrusted the

guardianship of a section of our city

containing above 6000 inhabitants—a

population approximating that of

Marsyville.

From the foregoing it would seem

that the citizens of East Los Angeles

are not fairly treated in the matter of

police protection. Aside from the

virtue of fairness, it certainly cannot

be considered good public policy to

leave a portion of our city—covering an

area some three miles square—in

charge of a single mounted police-

man and without any police pro-

tection whatever during the day.

East Los Angeles is an integral part

of the city of Los Angeles. It bears

its proper share of the public burden

and is certainly entitled to its fair share

of public benefits. Let East Los An-

geles have whatever police protection

citizens may deem necessary to the

preservation of the peace and the pro-

tection of life and property.

Mexican California.

Mexican, or Lower California, is a

natural continuation of this State. It

is a peninsula lying between the Gulf

of California and the Pacific Ocean.

Fifteen miles from San Diego a stone

monument marks the boundary be-

tween America and Mexico. At other

points, however, the line comes within

twelve miles of the city of great hopes,

lovely climate and magnificent bay.

But the stone monument does not ob-

literate the fact that the peninsula is a

natural continuation of our Common-

wealth and that sooner or later its po-

litical autonomy must conform to its

natural topography.

In all probability, if properly ap-

proached, the Mexican Republic would

willingly relinquish its political prop-

rietary rights in the peninsula to the

Americans. There are no overweening

interests that would impel the Mexi-

can government or people to cleave to

Lower California. On the contrary,

there are many reasons for believing

that the Mexican government could

easily be induced to part with it.

Not only is the strip of country under

consideration remote from the seat of

Mexican life, trade and government,

but it is wholly separated from the Re-

public; cut off by a wide intervening

sea—the Gulf of California—and cut

off its entire length.

From a political standpoint Lower

California is a distant appendage, an

overweight, a burden and a puzzle to

Mexico. From a military point of view

it is a source of cost and anxiety, a

weak, dismembered limb and a con-

stant menace.

On the other hand, Lower California

is, as its name indicates, simply the

lower or southern end of the State of

California. All other points of weak-

ness which it presents when considered

as part of Mexico become points of

strength when viewed as American

territory.

San Diego is a growing city, a

maritime city, and viewed with the

eyes of a statesman and seen in the

light of military possibilities, it is

capable of becoming a very important

if not a vital strategic point.

Such being the case, America cannot

long afford to permit a foreign nation

to squat down or stand guard twelve

cultivate feelings of peace, amity

and good-will between the people of

both republics. In all probability the

condition, political and otherwise, of

Lower California will be considered by

the next session of Congress. This is a

matter in which the representative of

this district, Gen. Vandever, might

very properly interest himself.

If there is not a very serious accident

on Main street, between Court and First

streets, during the paving of the street

it will be because luck is on the side of

the persons who have occasion to do

business on that part of the street and

take the business there. It appears to

the looker-on that the greater the

blockade is the more reckless the

drivers of the various vehicles are.

Each one endeavors to pass the ob-

struction ahead of the others, and so

makes the "confusion worse con-

founded." This trouble would not be

nearly so great if the authorities would

either compel the gas and water com-

panies to refrain from laying down

their pipes and connections at the time

the street is needed by the contractors,

or else make them do this work at

night. When the work was commenced

on the section of Main street that lies

between Third and Fifth streets, The

Times called the attention of the Coun-

cil to this matter, and even in that

part of the street where the traffic is

comparatively small it caused untold

inconvenience, but where the work is

now going on, in the heart of the busi-

ness part of the city, it is remarkable

that no serious accident has already

happened. The gas and water com-

panies knew from the time the con-

tractors were started that this paving

was to be done before winter set in,

yet they did not attempt to commence

the work of laying these connections, to

save themselves subsequent expense in

the cutting of the pavement after it is

finished, until the morning the con-

tractors commenced their work in

breaking up the street.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Edwin Thorne and his company drew

another good house last night in the Ticket-

of-Leave Men. The parts were more in

harmony with the powers of those who

filled them than in the last play, and there

was more even excellence all around. Mr.

Thorne made a noble and lovable "Bob

Brierly"—in whom the sympathy of the

audience was centered throughout. Miss

Harrison was very dainty and simple in

role. Miss Darragh was a roistering and

natural "Sam," while Mrs. Horace Ewing

was inimitable as "Mrs. Willoughby." Mr.



Real Estate--Santa Fe Springs.

SANTA FE SPRINGS!

FORMERLY FULTON WELLS,

Now on the Market and Rapidly Selling!

SALESROOMS, 116 WEST FIRST STREET. E. S. MOULTON, AGENT.

The Finest Health Resort in Southern California.

Location, Climate, Soil, Scenery and Surroundings Unsurpassed.

Situated thirteen miles from Los Angeles, on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, between Los Angeles and San Diego, it will have the benefit of all through trains; while numerous suburban trains to and from this city will give the new town unrivaled railroad facilities.

A thoroughly equipped hotel, with commodious houses, was opened to the public on September 1st, and a handsome church and fine school-house add to the conveniences of the place.

This is another of the towns of the Pacific Land Improvement Company, who have had such great success in placing their town property on the market. This is the official town-building corporation of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system in Southern California, and its interest in the place is a guarantee of success.

Water in abundance will be piped over the entire tract. The valuation of lots is extremely low and terms easy.

First purchasers will come in on bottom figures and secure the advantage of the rapid rise which attends all of this company's sales.

Flowing artesian wells of sulphur water now in the town. These wells are free to all.

Pacific Land Improvement Company,

GEORGE H. FULLERTON, President.

ROOM 21, WILSON BLOCK, LOS ANGELES.

E. S. MOULTON, Sales Agent; 116 West First Street, Los Angeles.

G. L. HAZZARD, Resident Agent, Santa Fe Springs. Postoffice Address, Fulton Wells.

Real Estate--Bonnie Weiss Tract.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

BE ON HAND FOR THE GRAND SALE OF THE

BONNIE WEISS TRACT

CORNER NINTH AND ALAMEDA STREETS,

The Gem of All the Tracts! Situated Near the New Passenger Depot of the Southern Pacific Railway Co.

LOTS WILL BE SOLD AT PRIVATE SALE

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1887.

PRICES FROM \$600 TO \$1000. EASY TERMS.

This grand old homestead is one of the most highly improved properties in the city and is in splendid order. It is covered with peach, orange, pear, apple, apricot, fig, chestnut, walnut, lime, lemon and other trees, in full bearing. Fine banana grove and vineyard. Beautiful cypress hedge. Exquisite flowers and shrubbery. The whole property is being irrigated and cared for

own to the day of sale; is in tiptop order. Owner of the property will build a handsome residence thereon. Every lot perfectly level.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash, one-third in six months, one-third in twelve months; interest on deferred payments 8 per cent. per annum.

For further particulars, prices and catalogues, inquire at office of

Free Carriages.

STAUNTON & MATTHEWS,

3 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES.

TORPEDO FISH.

ELECTRICITY IN THEM TO KNOCK A MAN DOWN.

How A Savannah Athlete Tried to Pick One Up and Got Beautifully Lifted—Old Curt's Fit of the Jim-Jams.

[Correspondence Philadelphia Times.]

SAVANNAH (Ga.), Sept. 2.—On the beach at Tybee the other day, an old fisherman in oil-skins was unloading a boat that had been full of fish, when a lusty young man, clad in white trousers and a white flannel shirt, met the old fellow's eye.

"You look like a likely hefter," called out the old fisherman, his hands and arms meanwhile falling to the perpendicular, and a merry twinkle taking possession of his eyes.

"A lively what?" rather indignantly rejoined the youth.

"A lively hefter—a chap who can lift a heap," was the reply.

"Yes; I'm considered pretty strong in the Savannah Athletic Club," was the answer.

"Do you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow, throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock, and looking his companion over with a critical eye.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which, after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocket-book, that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope-yarn. He took from it a clean \$10 bill and said: "I'm going on at years old next muster day, but I'll bet \$10 even that you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's your fish?" asked the youth.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the tinkers and pointed to a large, solid and skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see; it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the \$10 you can't toss the fish up there."

"I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around. "But if you've got half a dozen of the fish, string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted 500 pounds before breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I've heard tell of you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast, and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till some body told you. See that thumb-nail?" he asked, holding up a curious stub with a horny growth upon it. "Well, I served 'prentice once, to a boxmaker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail, and pull 'em out with my teeth when they broke off. You know me, and I'll stick to you if you can't heave that fish up to the dock, and there's the money."

The Savannah athlete, thus called upon, deposited \$10 with a well-known sportsman who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed up on the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the boss tosser, rolling up his sleeves. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," responded the man in oil-skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

LOST HIS TEN DOLLARS.

The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers—small mackerel—that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat, he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish, and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me? Somebody gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense!" cried nearly every man in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat, he again grasped the fish with both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete and all went backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and balers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Savannah "hefter" made a break for the dock, and, once upon it, sank down upon a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet, and was covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for a doctor!" he gasped, as the men crowded around.

"Why? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The moment I stooped to lift it I felt it a rummin' all over me. It's in our family; but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs. "It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—" and here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arms, jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut."

"Here's yer money, sonny," said the old man, holding out a bill. "You've earned it."

"What do you mean?" gasped the athlete.

"What do I mean? Why, jest this: Yer havn't had a shock of paralysis. Yer tried ter heft one of these durned torpedoes. They—" and here he made down, "if yer gives 'em t'—"

The athlete—

took back his money and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Savannah folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man blow and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't hurt him. I've been struck by them a hundred times and it's no fun, I can tell yer. It's just like being struck by a mild stroke of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em; but a man gave me a dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. Then I was hauling in the tinker seine this morning I knowed I had a shock-fish from the jerking of my arms. The shocks come right up the wet cording, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who stuck one with an iron harpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he didn't know what hit him."

THOUGHT HE HAD THE JIM-JAM.

You remember old Curt, that used to do the chores around here ten years ago? He lived on rum; he would do anything for it. Well, Perce Haddon out up a big job on him once. He'd had the jim-jams and he'd sworn off any quantity of times, but always got back again. He was just getting over a spree when Perce came along with a shock-fish. Old Curt had never seen one before, so Perce walked up and says: 'Curt, where can I get this fish cleaned?' 'What's it worth?' says Curt. 'Well, half a dollar, I reckon,' says Perce. 'I'll draw it myself,' says Perce, and old man Haddon fetched out his big case-knife, and began, two or three of the boys gathering round. 'You ain't so steady as I've seen you, Curt,' says Perce, nearly bursting a laughing, for as soon as the old man touched the fish his arm shot out, so that the knife flew about three feet. He didn't say anything; but picked the knife up and jabbed it into the fish again. You'd have thought he was making passes like a sleight-of-hand chap; his hands jerked this way and that, and the sweat rolled down off his face like rain. At last he dropped her, and sat right down on the grass, and says: 'Perce, give me something to steady up my nerves; I've got 'em agin.' Well, old Curt never heard the last of that, and I never saw him drink afterwards.

"What's the use of the shocks? Why, I reckon they kill fish with 'em or drive 'em off."

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Butte City Miners Apologize to Juliet for Making Romeo Drunk.

(Chicago Mail.)

Before the present theater was completed a lady came to Butte as a Shakespearean reader. She was billed to give *Romeo and Juliet*. The auditorium was a rough shed which held about 500 people. The stage was in keeping with the house. The lady had with her a wire dummy such as are used in retail stores upon which to exhibit garments. She had this dummy dressed up as "Romeo," and spoke the lines of "Juliet" to the figure. Then by some transformation the figure was changed to "Juliet," and the recitations of "Romeo" were given by the lady. The 500 rough miners had never seen anything like this before. They sat before the readings dumbfounded.

When the recitation was over and the "garish lights had fled," and the lady and her manager had gone to their hotels, the miners went into the shed (theater) and took the wire dummy—it was dressed as "Romeo"—from the stage. They carted it about the town all night and into the saloons, bought it whiskey by the gallon, poured it down its wire throttle, shook it up and down and danced with it, and fairly howled. They returned it to the "theater" somewhat worried and left it on the stage.

The following evening the lady was to repeat her programme. When she beheld the sorry plight of her "Romeo" she burst into tears and couldn't speak. One of them, seeing the lady's grief, stood up on his chair and made the following speech: "Boys, last night we got Romeo drunk. We had fun with him and a good time."

Then turning to the lady he said: "But, mum, we didn't mean to hurt your feelings, 'pon honor, we didn't, mum. We ain't the men to hurt no woman that comes to this camp, and we're sorry for you. Now, boys, I propose to pass the hat to buy this lady a new 'Romeo.' Let every man chip in."

He passed the hat himself; and when he took it up on the stage there were 250 gold dollars counted out.

"You take this, mum," said the speaker, "and buy you a new one, and you won't feel hurt at us, mum; will you, for we didn't mean to hurt your feelin's."

FAIR HANDS ANGLING FOR BLUEFISH.

(New York Times.)

The ladies' fishing season is now at hand. It requires large inducements to tempt women to go fishing, and hence the early days of September are assigned to them in these waters. The reason is that then the festive snapping mackerel, as it is called in Long Island Sound, or the young bluefish, as it is termed along the Jersey coast, and at the Long Island seashore, becomes ravenous. It is only necessary for the men to row the women among a school of young bluefish for the latter to believe themselves great anglers. Of course "no gentleman" will tell his fair companions that to catch ten snapping mackerel it requires only the letting down of a line having hooks enough for one-half of them. Five fish being hooked, five other hungry ones will hang on to their tails.

FATE HANGS ON A SLENDER THREAD.

(Rehoboth Herald.)

"Did you get licked?" inquired one of his matter-of-fact companions the next day. "Well, yes, I did," admitted the young philosopher; "but I should have got off all right if there had been anything for supper father liked."

IN THE SHADOW.

LAST HOURS OF KERNAGHAN.
WHO IS TO BE HANGED TODAY.The Doomed Man Refuses All
Priestly Assistance—A Talk With
Lee Sare Bo, Who Is Shortly to
Follow Kernaghan.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

The murderer Kernaghan, who will be hung on next Friday, unless executive clemency interferes, was seen in his cell yesterday by a reporter. Chief Jailer Rogers was engaged in conversation with Kernaghan over his spiritual welfare when the reporter entered the murderer's cell.

The murderer had donned a clean shirt, and with a turned-down collar and black silk necktie, presented a tolerably respectable appearance.

Jailer Rogers was trying hard to prevail upon the doomed man to accept the services of a minister of some religious body to attend to his spiritual wants on the scaffold, to all of which Kernaghan gave a stubborn and decided refusal. At the same time he quoted certain chapters from the Bible where true repentance, though it be at the last moment, is acceptable to the Almighty. He positively refused to have any minister present at his execution, although since his incarceration he has been baptized into the Roman Catholic faith. Latterly, however, he has renounced not only this religion, but that of the Episcopal Church, to which he formerly belonged.

As to the disposition of his body after death, he said that it did not trouble him, as he understood that they would bury him to get rid of him. "It matters not," said he, "where my body is for the time being. When the general judgment day comes I will be on hand." He again quoted Scripture showing that "he who believeth never dies." Hardly any question can be put to him regarding death or the final termination of this life that he does not answer by quoting something from the Bible to meet the case.

When asked if he desired to have a new suit of clothes for the important occasion on next Friday he said: "No; outward appearance mattereth not in the sight of God. It is the heart that the Lord looketh at and not the appearance of the body."

Finding that nothing could be accomplished by pursuing this line of conversation any further, Capt. Rogers broached the subject of his patents, asking Kernaghan what disposition he would like to make of his interests before Friday next. The murderer answered by saying that he was so much opposed to law that if he assigned his interests in the patents to any person it would involve a lawsuit; hence he would let the whole thing die along with himself.

The reporter remarked that if he did not make an assignment of his patents they would, after his death, revert to his wife. At the mention of his wife Kernaghan paused for a few moments and replied: "Well, I'd as soon she'd have it as anybody else."

He complained that his sleep was not as sound as he would wish it to be. Rogers volunteered to let him have a little stimulant for the purpose of quieting his nerves, but he declined, saying he never was a drinking man; and that he was sure he would act bravely when the time came for him to face the trying ordeal. Here the chief jailer was called away, and Kernaghan suddenly stopped talking, and looking the reporter square in the face with a most determined and wicked look, said: "I believe you are a reporter, and I do not want to say another word; I do not like reporters." Being asked if the reporters had unfairly represented him, he jumped from the bed-cot and paced up and down the floor of his cell, his color changing from red to purple, knitting his brows and grinding his teeth with subdued rage to find he had been talking with a press representative without knowing it. All attempts after this failed to get him to utter a single word.

A visit to the top floor revealed the rope by which the murderer will be swung into eternity. It is being stretched to its fullest capacity, and when the gallows is put in place, it will be made fast to a cross-beam over the trap through which the body of Kernaghan will swing.

A visit to the cell of Lee Sare Bo, the Chinaman, who will follow Kernaghan one week later, found that condemned murderer as lively as a cricket, and as chirpy as a sparrow. This Mongolian has taken kindly to religion, having accepted the Roman Catholic faith, and believes that no sooner is he released from this sphere than he will fly straight to heaven.

He complained bitterly, however, of the meanness of some Missionaries who stole his wife immediately after his arrest, saying he thought it was too bad to take her for nothing, as she cost him \$500 in China ten years ago, besides her passage money out here.

As to the disposition of his body after death, that gave him no trouble whatever. The priest said that he would agree to look after that. If it were considered advisable to have his bones sent back to China, all right; if not, let them remain here. His father and mother were dead, and his cousins went back on him because he had no money. He asserted his innocence, and said that because he had no friends his life was sworn away. On being asked if he would like to see the execution of Kernaghan, he said: "No; my time come next; me see plenty by and by."

The prison officials speak well of Bo's behavior, and are inclined to doubt his guilt.

Dr. Bowers' cell, on the top floor, was not visited, as this "gentleman" dislikes to be interviewed.

A Wanton Insult Resented.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Excuse me," he said as he halted a citizen on the street, "but I have a sure and speedy cure for that mild form of erysipelas in your face. It is only \$1 a bottle."

"Erysipelas!" howled the other.

"I'll warrant a cure in a very few weeks."

"You old idiot, don't you know nothing!" shouted the enraged man.

"Erysipelas! Why, I brought this face on me with whisky. Am I to be insulted after working as I have for the last twenty years! Go on, sir, or I'll do you serious injury."

\$40-Meadow Park Lots—\$40.

Owing to the rapid advance of real estate in this locality, and the demand for property near the ocean, I have made another subdivision in this tract, and now offer for a few days choice lots at \$40; \$10 down, \$5 per month, without interest. Buy of the original owner, A. R. Walters, Wilmington, or A. C. Tubbs & Co., No. 3 East First street, Los Angeles.

For a new stock of wall paper, paints and good workmanship, go to
J. M. SINDLINGER,
108 West Fifth Street.

By far the best assortment and largest line of agate, stamped and japanned ware ever shown in Southern California. E. E. Crandall & Co., 133 and 135 West First street.

Kidnapped, On the Ground.

What was? The material for the finest passenger depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

The largest line of house and kitchen furnishings ever shown in the city. E. E. Crandall & Co., 133 and 135 West First street.

Go to Rosecrans and buy before it is too late.

Look out for the Elia tract.

Unclassified.

F. M. FOWLER & SONS,

PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Parties desiring bargains in the rich fruit-growing lands of the great

Salt River Valley

Are invited to correspond with us. The investments of many of the most successful Southern California land speculators, victualists and pomologists near

PHOENIX

ARE A SURE GUARANTEE OF MERIT.

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FOR SALE.

A Lovely Home!

Located on the south side of Washington street, corner of Pacific avenue; bounded on the east by the city line, hence no city taxes. Hellman street-car line at the door.

This property consists of four large lots on Washington street and two lots on Pacific avenue, containing in all a fraction over one acre.

Nice cottage of six rooms, hard finished; a kitchen detached; splendid well of water; windmill, tank and tower; fruit and shrubbery.

Title perfect. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Apply to the sole agent.

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No. 1419 Hill St.

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Expert Engineers and Machinists!

Are prepared to erect all kinds of machinery. In first-class order; repairs made, errors in engine and boiler corrected, and boiler settings. Advice given as to the best class of machinery for a given work. We are prepared to guarantee our work.

Give us a call when you want work done, or before you purchase machinery.

Office, Room No. 1, Wilson Block, No. 24 West First Street.

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Wish to announce to the ladies of Los Angeles that she will keep on hand the very finest goods, consisting of imported hats, fancy ribbons, plushes, veils, fancy wigs, feathers and other choice novelties of the very latest styles and patterns.

Remember the Address

Rooms 1 and 2, Woolcott's Building,
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Orange trees of Japan, the most hardy of any in cultivation, having choice - edibles fruit, will be furnished by Gen. J. H. Fountain, Riverside, our general agent for them for Southern California, at \$2 per 100, for the season of 1888.

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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., GENERAL AGENTS.

NORTHERN ROUTES embrace lines for Portland, Or., Victoria, B. C., and Puget Sound, Alaska and all coast ports.

SOUTHERN ROUTES.

TIME TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1887.

	Coming South.		Going North.	
Steamers.	Leave San Francisco.	Arrive San Pedro.	Leave San Pedro.	Arrive San Francisco.
Santa Rosa.	Aug. 29	Aug. 31	Sept. 2	Sept. 4
Los Angeles.	Sept. 1	Sept. 3	Sept. 5	Sept. 7
Bureka.	Sept. 4	Sept. 6	Sept. 8	Sept. 10
Santa Rosa.	Sept. 6	Sept. 8	Sept. 10	Sept. 12
Los Angeles.	Sept. 9	Sept. 11	Sept. 13	Sept. 15
Queen of Pac.	Sept. 10	Sept. 12	Sept. 14	Sept. 16
Bureka.	Sept. 13	Sept. 15	Sept. 17	Sept. 19
Santa Rosa.	Sept. 15	Sept. 17	Sept. 19	Sept. 21
Los Angeles.	Sept. 16	Sept. 18	Sept. 19	Sept. 21
Queen of Pac.	Sept. 19	Sept. 21	Sept. 23	Sept. 25
Bureka.	Sept. 20	Sept. 22	Sept. 24	Sept. 26
Santa Rosa.	Sept. 22	Sept. 24	Sept. 26	Sept. 28
Los Angeles.	Sept. 23	Sept. 25	Sept. 27	Sept. 29
Queen of Pac.	Sept. 26	Sept. 28	Sept. 30	Oct. 1
Bureka.	Sept. 29	Sept. 31	Oct. 2	Oct. 4
Los Angeles.	Oct. 2	Oct. 4	Oct. 6	Oct. 8